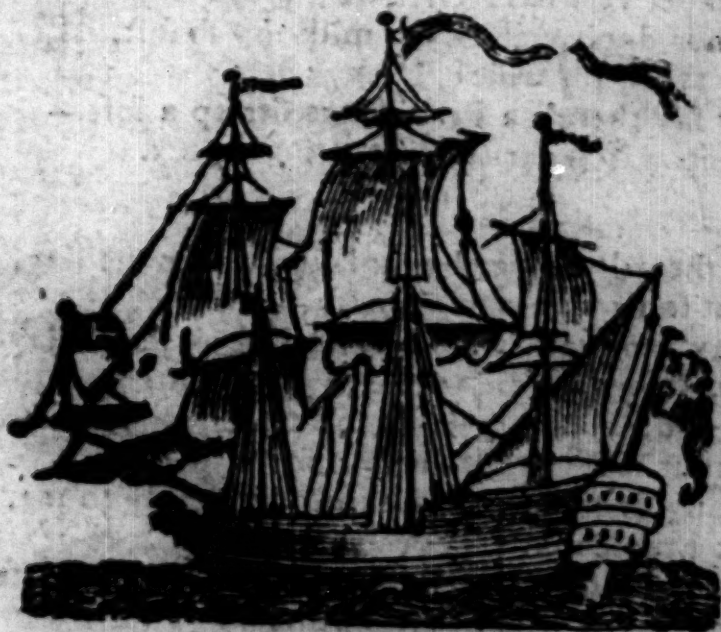


POOR, JACK'S
GARLAND,

CONTAINING SEVERAL EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS.

1. Poor Jack ; or, the Sweet Little Cherub.
2. The Sweet Little Angel.
3. The Dandy—O!
4. Bachelors' Hall.
5. Homeward Bound.
6. My Friend and Pitcher.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

POOR JACK;

OR, THE

SWEET LITTLE CHERUB.

A Sea Song.—Written by MR DIBDIN.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,
And it e'n't to a little I'll strike;
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood—
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse ev'ry thing tight
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud,
Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback.
For they say there's a Providence sits up a loft—
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls—heaven—mercy—and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay—
Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch,
But he said, how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,
Without orders that come's down below,
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.
For, says he, d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
Take the top-lifts of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for—the Life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll—for you see she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to Old Davy I should go my dear Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more,
 What then? all's a hazard come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For d'ye see, there's a Cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for—the Life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch,
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering
 to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip,
 Asto me in all weathers, all times, sides, & ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friends
 And as for my life—'tis my king's;
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
 soft,

As with grief to be taken a-back—
 That same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
 Alas, I mayn't see him again,
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
 To help him I'm sure was in vain:

Then he broke from my arms and bid me farewell,
 Saying, come Poll, my soul it wont do,
 So d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you :
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
 From a something that whisper'd d'ye see,
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employed,
 And nought can delight me on shore,
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroyed,
 And Jack I shall never see more ;
 But then its but fancy ! that Angel above,
 Who can do such a number of things,
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sings ;
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

But should that Sweet Angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah, never, no never come back,
 But O it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt water his grave,
 And why should I then each tale teller mind,
 Or dread every turbulent wave ;
 Besides I will never kind Providence slight,
 For a something there whisper's d'ye see,
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

The DANDY,—O!

[TUNE—There was a Regiment of Irish Dragoons.]

THO' late as a waiter I ran up and down,
 With bottles, glasses, claret, rum, and Brandy—O,
 O now an officer I'm made, I'll have servants of my own,
 And be among the Ladies quite the Dandy—O.

My cravat flicks out like a pigeon's breast,
 My hat so smart, my sword so long, so handy—O,
 Like a sheep's tail at each ear, my hair's compleatly drest,
 And my military queue you see's the dandy—O.

My patent blue rib'd stockings I wear with a grace,
 My watch chains on each side, hang down so grandy—O,
 With my spy-glass in my hand, patch and paint upon my
 face,
 From my feather to my buckles I'm the Dandy—O.

At concerts and dances the ladies I will court,
 With words and looks as sweet as sugar-candy—O,
 And then for fighting duels, O I shall have charming sport
 Then dem me but I shall be the dandy—O.

And when a great warrior I come home, I design
 With Jacob here to take a nip of brandy—O,
 For who knows but in time, he'll hang me up for his
 sign,
 Then Caleb boy, I think you'll be the dandy—O.

BACHELORS' HALL,

A favourite HUNTING SONG,

SUNG AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, NEWCASTLE.

TO Bachelors' Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase that makes up our delight,
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dub'd some new gods of the chase.

CHORUS.

Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles usher's in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back,
Tom Trip rode a bay, full of metal and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxon rode proud on a roan,
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-Nothing and that was a grey.

CHORUS.

Hark away, hark away, while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was Nimble so well that climbs
rocks,
And Cockmouse a good one at scenting a fox,
Little Plunge like a mole who will ferrit and search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's Eye, so dead at a lurch,
Young Slylooks that scents the strong breeze from the south
And musical Echo-well with his deep mouth.

CHORUS.

Hark away, hark away, while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Our horses are all of the very best blood,
 'Tis'nt likely you'll easily find such a stud,
 And for hounds, our opinion, with thousands we'll back,
 That all England throughout can't produce such a pack,
 Thus having described dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off for the fox is in view.

CHORUS.

Hark away, hark away, while our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Sly reynard brought home, while the hounds sound a
 call,

And now we are welcome to Bachelors' Hall,
 The fav'ry firloin grateful smokes on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful hoard,
 Come on then, do honor to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chase.

CHORUS.

Hark away, hark away, while our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve,
 I've done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind,
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
 What tropic bird swifter can move,
 Who cruel shall hold his career
 That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 Come shipmates and join in the song,
 Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE Wealthy Fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer,
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher ;
 If that when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

10 JUL 52
 Tho' fortune ever thuns my door,
 I know not what can bewitch her,
 In all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,

My friend so rare, &c.

FINIS.